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Official Directory

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He manufactures He keeps in stock

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Why not buy the best? The best are always cheapest. And the Prices are 'way down.

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Highest Cash Price Paid for Fat Stock, Poultry, Hides, Pelts, Etc. WILLIAMS' OLD STAND.

Brasted's Confectionery Fresh seasonable Fruits and CANNED OYSTERS.

COMCOX.

They parted with clasps of hand
And kisses and burning tears,
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly tranquil eyed—
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life,
She in a Gainsborough hat
And he in black for his wife.

—T. B. Aldrich.

THE CYCLIST'S CAPE.

"You must take it," Mme. Renno said to her husband. She was a small brunette, thin and aggressive, who strongly reminded one of little pet dogs who received visitors by snapping and snarling at their heels as soon as the front door is opened.

Mr Renno was a big, jolly dry goods merchant, and he watched his spouse ruefully as she unhooked a heavy cloth cape from the rack in the hall He had hoped against hope that for once she would forget to lumber his bicycle with that clumsy old cape, it was such a bore

It looks like rain,' the little woman continued, and I am not going to allow you to come back drenched to the skin, much as it would please you. A cold means money, and our physician is a fool. He is incapable of curing either pneumonia or pleurisy So kindly tell me what would become of me in case of your death? Do you suppose your parents are going to support me? No, indeed, and you know it, and as I would never marry again I should have my bread to beg from door to door Not that it would make much difference to you, but I should prefer suicide to beggary'

While speaking with a fluency which would have done credit to a politician on a stumping tour, she rolled the cape into a tight bundle, tied a bit of string around it, and there it was, ready to be fastened on the handle of his wheel

"In your way!" she exclaimed in shrill repetition "Well, I would really like to know why? Oh I see, it is not the swell thing, and you are afraid that the ladies you pass on the road will think you are carrying a bundle. Is that it? If you must know my mind, I think I am a perfect idiot to allow you so much freedom How do I know where you go or what you do? You tell me any story you like when you come back, and it is false just as likely as not."

Renno bowed his head patiently to the storm, for well he knew that one word one timid protest, would exasperate his wife into further parley, and the discussion would drag on indefinitely, but as today she seemed rather more amiable than usual he held his tongue.

"See that it does not touch the wheel or get soiled," she went on "If you use it, roll it up wrong side out again before replacing it, and do not lose the string as you did last time. What are you looking at? I really think you might have the civility to listen to me when I speak to you."

Renno was contemplating with forced calm the serene blue sky and trying to catch the placidity shining in its azure depths.

"Please do not bias my goodby I am not to be fooled and cajoled so easily What are you waiting for?" And, turning toward her husband, she saw him making sneak gestures of poverty 'No money! Of course not Well, here are 5 francs. I shall require an exact account of your expenses, though, and please look at the change You are so apt to take odds and ends of coin which are difficult to pass Now go. Try to avoid drinking while you are warm and keep out of drafts."

Mr Renno tucked the money into his waistcoat pocket kissed his wife gravely—for he did not dare to appear too gay, as she would have deeply resented any manifestation of joviality—and started down the stairs in search of his bicycle with the necessary amount of moderation and decorum which he knew best suited Mme Renno As he fastened the cloak carefully by a strap to the bicycle he felt that sharp eyes were fixed upon him from windows above, and as he pedaled away he carried the look with him, like the famous Parthian arrow of bygone days, stuck in his back.

When once well out into the open country he expanded his lungs and took in great breaths of air, while the blood rushed to his face and his eyes almost started from their sockets. Then, very slowly he exhaled it all until he grew pale from—could it be relief?

The sun, high in the heavens, shed its genial rays full upon him as he pedaled frantically along the highway, with arms akimbo, he obliged nearly in two over his handles and wild with delight. The smooth white road unraveled before him like a ball of twine, the horizon appeared to advance toward him in friendly welcome, and the bushes and trees, which looked like tiny specks in the distance, grew steadily, as if by magic, under his gaze and assumed mighty and stately proportions To Mr Renno the landscape seemed to be running the other way, clumps of wood and bracken, little houses, elm trees, fields and milestones melted away before him like a bit of sugar He whistled gayly as his bicycle devoured space, scorching down the hills, attacking the up grades with easy assurance, while on a level no bird would have entered into competition.

It was simply glorious. Instead of crushing his daily cares and trials under his feet he rode lightly over them, and, leaving them far behind, looked back at them over his shoulder scornfully, as if they were lost forever and as though it would be a useless effort on their part to attempt to catch up with him again. The idea, however, of their close proximity to his heels worked the pedals faster and faster, while big drops of perspiration fell through the clouds of dust which his energy raised upon the road beneath.

Almost intoxicated as he was by his enthusiastic flight through space, he never noticed that the vicious little string around his cape had slowly and wickedly unfastened, as though it wanted to play him a nasty trick. While he was given over to his savage and all but animal enjoyment the hypocritical bit of cord snapped in two, and off flew the cape like a streak of light, unnoticed by his eye, which at the time was eagerly scanning a signpost. Nearly a mile behind him the cloak, black and inanimate, lay in the middle of the road, while the bicycle, lighter than before, tore deliriously on its winged way.

His blissful ignorance was short lived, however, and the awakening was most cruel, for, as he sat under the awning of a friendly restaurant, rapturously sipping canteens and seltzers and gazing with dreamy eyes beaming with love and pride at his wheel, which leaned gracefully against a tree in front of him, a premonition seized him. What was missing? And with a cry he sprang to his feet. It was the cape. An instantaneous change passed over Renno's world; the wine soured; a sharp wind arose which ruffled his hair and temper; every old creak and blister showed out plainly on the varnished parts of his bicycle, and even the rubber tires looked miserable, notchy and worn.

Renno's heart turned sick as he sat lost in dejected reflection. All the energy and strength of mind which he brought so courageously into play while carrying his daily bread seemed to melt away and disappear before the disastrous loss of the cape. As he sat with his head buried in his hands he pictured his return and reception by Mme. Renno It would not take her half a second to discover his misfortune, he thought, and well he knew what scenes would ensue—tears, lamentations, reproaches, sulks and outbursts of rage, in which the little vixen fairly reveled in her moments of uncontrolled fury.

Gracious heavens! Seized with a chill, he hurriedly paid his bill at the restaurant, and, jumping on his poor old bicycle, which had beaten the record coming, he started homeward. One wagon passed him after the other—first a butcher's cart, next an old fat woman driving a donkey, then a gypsy wagon, with an impudent, long haired rascal who stared mockingly but uneasily after him Renno felt very much inclined to question him about his cape, but a feeling of reticence withheld him, for he strongly suspected that the man had found it, and that it lay hidden somewhere under the lot of quarreling, crying rats which filled the wagon back of him, so he pedaled on hopefully, believing that he might yet find it on the road just where it had fallen And as he watched and thought it over his temper rose scathing and sarcastic A cloak, forsooth, with a summer sun shining overhead It was hot enough to boil eggs Oh, to the devil with the thing! He hoped that it was lost forever What did he care? But suddenly the mocking look in the tramp's eyes came back to him Of course the fellow had found and taken his cape Renno felt sure of it now What could he do about it, though—follow him and search his wagon? Suppose, after all, the man had never seen it—how like a fool he would look!

And so, little by little, his anger subsided, and the ridiculous side of the affair presented itself to his mind so forcibly that he felt like screaming with laughter He was apparent before him in a different light altogether She was no longer a being to be dreaded, but to be ridiculed, and he pondered slowly over a summary vengeance to be administered upon the tormentor who had been oppressing him for years. He would bear no more of her petty persecutions. Neither would he drag coats and capes about on his bicycle through the summer heat and dust, and they might as well understand each other for once.

But as he pedaled along different considerations suggested themselves to his excited imagination The cloak was new and had cost 29 francs. It was stupid of him to have lost it. And if his wife had urged—nay, forced—him to carry it, it was more from love than hate. After all, it would be idiotic to lose it, and the instinct of ownership awakened within him as he thought of the old Bohemian driving his wagon, and perhaps laughing at him in his beard as he passed, and in turning the angle of the road he shook his fist revengefully after the tramp

"What is your cloak?" called out Mme Renno in shrill accents before he was off his wheel "Oh, heavens, you have lost it!' And she raised her hands in horror

"My cloak? Oh," indifferently, "it was too hot and heavy to lug about, and I sold it"

"What! You sold it?" stammered the small scold, gazing upon him with a mingling of fear and distrust in her eyes. She began to fear for his reason. This calm might turn into fury He could not be sane.

Drawing 35 francs from his pocket, he handed them to her and said, "You see, I have made 6 francs on the bargain and you can buy yourself a little present with the surplus."

Still worried and suspicious, although utterly disarmed, she wanted to know in a breath where and how and to whom he had sold his cape

"I met a poor fellow in a cafe who was ill with a severe cold or something He had a bad cough and eyed my cape so wistfully that we entered into conversation, you understand," and he whistled gayly, delighted with his cleverness. He had been hoarding his pennies for days to eke out those 35 francs, but he thought them well invested, for at least he was rid of his odious cape

His wife turned the money over thoughtfully in her hand, and after a moment's pause said, "I will buy you another exactly like it tomorrow "—Paul Marguerite in Parisian

CANINE FRIEND IN NEED

How the Greyhound Rescued the Little Spaniel

"Talk about the sagacity of dogs" remarked Jenkins as he scornfully surveyed the records of the good deeds done by canines in general "Why, I saw something one day which beats the world—something which, in addition to proving the reasoning power of dogs, showed also that some of them at least possess a great capacity for affection for their own kind A friend of mine up town owns several dogs, among the lot being a magnificent greyhound and a diminutive spaniel, the two dogs, notwithstanding the disparity in size, being warm friends. One summer day the dog catcher wagon was making the rounds and, as usual, was missing the corn while corralling the animals which are well taken care of. It happened that my friend's front gate had been left open, and the two dogs mentioned escaped into the street just as the wagon turned the corner There was a great try on the part of the catchers, who grasped their nets and made a scramble for the little spaniel, not seeming to like the idea of tackling the big hound. The poor little spaniel realized her danger and attempted to escape. She flew like one possessed in every direction, only to be headed off by the men with the nets and a score of small boys. She finally halted, panting, in the middle of the street, and one of the men approached her with his net. It seemed that the little thing's doom was sealed.

"Suddenly there was a fierce bark, and the big greyhound came leaping into the crowd, scattering the small boys and compelling the catchers to take to the wagon. The hound reached the side of the spaniel and, taking in the situation, reached down, grasped his wee companion in his capacious mouth and was off down the street like a shot. He didn't stop for the gate, but with a great, graceful leap, was over the fence, and then, gently depositing the spaniel on the ground, stood wagging his tail, as if knowing that he had discomfited their enemies, while the spaniel gamboled and made the welkin ring with her shrill barks. If that wasn't a great thing, I don't know."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Caged monkeys are tolerably certain to give an indication of coming bad weather, being then more ill natured and quarrelsome than at any other time.

Alfonso VI of Leon and Castile was the Brave on account of his knightly daring. The same title was given to Alfonso IV of Portugal.

ENGLISH HOP YARDS.

HARVEST SCENES DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

Work That Requires Application During Long Days Low Small Returns—Picturesque Situation but There Is Too Much Poverty to Admit of Poetry.

Yesterday I spent at Malling, an ancient market town about 30 miles from London, which is in the midst of one of the most fertile and extensive hop districts in the world, the soil being of the rich quality that produces the famous golden hop. I stood on an eminence and surveyed in every direction the plantations of tall hops, luxuriant on the straight, firmly set poles, the deep green of the vine leaves beautifully gemmed by the great bunches of golden flower On a hillside a little distance to the left were the uniform white tents of the hop pickers, like the encampment of an army—for you must know that the hop pickers are not residents of the neighborhood They come from distances by families, a large proportion of them from London. And, be it known, the majority of the hop pickers are wretchedly poor The pay for hop picking is so very little that only by the united efforts of a family of three or four workers is the result of the day's labor worth the effort Last year, for example, the pay for picking was a shilling for seven bushels so that a worker had to complete seven bushels before the shilling was earned This year conditions are a little better, but at the best hop picking is only profitable when the family has six or eight pairs of expert hands to strip the vine swiftly Some of the women have reduced this picking to an art, the deft facility with which they take four or five flowers at a time completely deceiving the novice, who imagines skill to be nothing in this business.

The pole in a hopfield are so perfectly set at right angles that you may look down a uniform avenue of overhanging vines in whatever direction you turn your eyes. But this exactitude is less for beauty of appearance than for convenience of arrangement of picking parties, for a field is let out in small sections, so many hills—two poles make a hill—to a family according as the family has agreed for half a bin or more Therefore as you walk down the path that intersects a hopfield, you see here and there at fixed distances apart the different independent groups of pickers, their canvas bins, with wide, flaring mouths, all of regular size, stretched on poles and set on crosspieces the length of their section, and while the man cuts the vines a third of the way up the pole and pulls up the poles to carry to the bin side the women and children incessantly work from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., save only for the half hour at noon for dinner And what a sight it is! At the very edge of the field where I spent most time rows, rugged and tall, the ivy draped tower of St. Leonards, and to be the very first, and therefore the oldest, of the Norman towers, the picturesque ruins of which so interest the intelligent visitor to rural England This tower was built by Gundulf, bishop of Rochester somewhere about 1078 90 This abbey, by the way, has been restored and is once more a home of mass. At the foot of this old tower yesterday rolled and tumbled a score of grimy, half naked, tatterdemalion children, of ages running from the infant that should have been in arms to a pair of 4 year old twins, in patched, dirty red dresses, and with huge brass earrings hiding the lobes of their uncleanlittle ears. Thus did half barbarous young modesty pick up its slovenly little legs in contempt of that still grim though dismantled tower, built eight centuries ago to repel the assaults of those savages who were forerunners of the present day Englishman.

And among the vines wender were the motley groups of persons to whom the so little human blots appertained Not by any means as picturesque and fascinating as Italian grape pickers, nothing of the rich, dark beauty of the southern types, but a different sort of interest attaches to these hops keenly ignorant, half vagrant creatures, who have come to the picking—by donkey cart, by tram, on foot—bearing with them their miserable utensils for cooking and farming, in their rags and their tatters, the filth of which they are not ashamed, sleeping by night in tents if they are so fortunate, behind hedges and under rude wigwams of boughs, if they must, working from day dawn to evening close for a mere pittance—yet not wholish or surly, not rude—indeed, good natured when you address them, and in rough way jocular or in shy way communicative Here and there, to be sure, some thing more pretentious, the epitome of lower middle class shift and tidiness, but in the main a hop picking scene such as you may witness at Malling tells you what pitiful poverty and wretchedness are hidden from the world by the purple splendor of the richest nation upon which the curious sun looks askance

Full in imaginatively the picture of which I have given but true outlines. Near the hillside encampment where in fancy and age swarm about the evening fires. Walk through the fields of vine girt poles, that seem a compact mass as you look down upon them Talk with those women and children stripping the yellow flowers swiftly from the stems. Glance at the various troops of thoughtlessly begotten infants tolling on the green grass or burrowing in the soft earth, and then, as you blow the fresh from your neat glass of beer, reflect how the best hops yielded by bountiful nature are gathered for your benefit.—Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.

Fixing His Identity.

Attorney—Well, now you say that you saw the man who did the stabbing"

Witness—Yis, sor

Attorney—And would you know the culprit again if you saw him?

Witness—He wasn't no culprit, sor; he was a Tyrolian.—Cleveland Leader.

Miles on the Indian.

A champion has risen up for the Indian in the person of General Miles. The Indian fighter has become the most earnest and aggressive of Indian defenders. This fact and an energetic defense of General Custer are the salient points in the Miles memoirs. In his opinion the red man has distinguished himself as diplomat, statesman and warrior and may be good even while he is alive. In speaking of Custer, General Miles says, "I have no patience with those who would kick a dead lion," and he attributes the lion's death in part to general ignorance throughout the army as to the strength of the enemy, and in part to the failure of Major Reno to assume responsibility for the movements of his forces.—Chicago Journal.

Moses.

It is a somewhat singular fact that the rarest of all names is that found where one would naturally expect to find it—in the middle of the face. Taking 100 heads at random, one will not find, on an average, more than three in which the bridge of the nose descends perpendicularly from a straight line drawn exactly between the eyes.

THE GIRL EMIGRANT.

She leaned out of the carriage window and saw the van door close, and then asked the porter if her box were safe and sound.

"Aw, aye," said he and slouched up, wiping the wet from his hand on his corduroys. "Aw, aye, it'll folly ye safe to Drogheda anyhow. Goodby, an God speed ye."

"Goodby," she said and gave him her hand. "But aren't the rest o' ye comin?" she called.

The station master came and gave her a parting word, then two or three town loiterers, then the station master's wife, with a shawl over her head and picking her way through the puddles. Last of all came a man—the girl's father, one could see—running stiffly and glancing back often at the horse and cart standing forlorn outside the gate.

"Goodby, Mary, an God be with ye, my girl." He held her hand for a second or two, and his lips kept moving, while she answered bravely. "You'll write from New York?"

"I will—aw—at once."

"Do. Don't keep us," he said, then stood back with the others and blinked at the driving rain. She pulled a hand kerchief from a battered brown handbag and nervously wiped her lips.

"Ah," called she, "yez all thought yez'd see me cryin. Ah, I tricked yez rightly"

"Ah, no," answered the porter "We knew yo'd be brave."

"Aye, aye," assented the rest and shifting their legs. "Aye, aye."

"Away ye go!" shouted the guard. The engine shrieked Mary shook out her handkerchief and called goodby; her friends waved their arms. She had started for the United States.

"They thought I'd cry," said she as she sat back and fell to plucking at the fingers of her woolen gloves. "They thought I'd cry—och, no." She was brave, yet her lips were quivering, and her eyes were turned mournfully on the fields and hedges and the cottages, here and there shining white through the gray drift of the rain "We'll soon be at it," she said presently. "Ah, Lord, the day it is. An the state I'm in—och, och!" She stooped and wrung the water from her bedraggled skirt 'An me hair that tatte red. Aw, it's a shockin But I didn't cry," she said and flashed her black eyes at me "Och, no. Whisht! We're gettin near it Aw, there it is There they are. Goodby, mother Goodby, Patsey an Johnny an Lizzie Goodby, all"

I stood up, and over her hat caught a glimpse of the group gathered on the street before the cottage—the mother in her nightcap, the children bare legged, all waving their arms and caps and crying their farewells.

"Goodby," cried Mary back through the rain, "Och, goodby"

That was the last of them she would see, she said, as she sat down again—the last, till the Lord knew when She was for the United States! asked some one. Ah, she was, she could get work there, she could do nothing at home. Sure, it was better to go than to be a burden on them all Ah, yes, she'd been out before and had come home on account of that still grim though dismantled tower, built eight centuries ago to repel the assaults of those savages who were forerunners of the present day Englishman. But she was a brave girl, so she was—a brave girl, and God speed her, said they as one by one they went out clumsily at Navan station and left Mary and me together.

It was a fair day at Navan, therefore did the train settle itself by the platform for a long rest.

"The guard mebbe's gone to see the fair," said Mary, and I laughed, stamped vigorously (for it was cold) across the carriage floor, wiped the window and looked out.

Down the farther bank of the railway, along a narrow path which had started beyond the fields somewhere near the Boyne, was coming a little procession of six men, bearing a coffin on a rough hurdle made of ash poles. The men were bare headed, a single bunch of wild flowers lay atop the straining coffin, there were no mourners, nor anywhere could one see any sign of sorrow or curiosity They came on down, the men with their pitiful burden, crossed the track, came to a swing, slid the coffin into a fish van, shut the door, pulled their soft felt hats from their pockets, mopped their faces, then took shelter behind the van and lit their pipes. There wanted only a bottle to make the scene complete, and I was confidently watching for it, when right at my elbow there rose a great sobbing

"Aw, aw!" cried Mary. "Did ye see, did ye see? Och, what a way to be trated. An such a day for a buryin. All out in the wet—the wet an the cowld. Aw, poor creature! Aw, poor creature, mother, ye'll die, ye'll die! I'll niver see ye agin, nor father, nor no one! Aw, it's cruel to have yez! I'll go back I'll go back!"

Her sobs were pitiful. Loiterers began to gather round the door It was only a poor girl going to America, I explained They would pity her, I was sure. Oh, they would, said they, and went, all but one, a big, sunburned fellow, dressed in rough tweed, who came forward and asked my leave For what? Ah, he knew the girl.—Came in, went over and laid a rough hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Ah, don't," she said. "I'll go home, I'll go home!"

"What ails ye, Mary, at all?" said he and shook her again. She turned.

"Ah, God A'mighty, James!" she cried, and her tears went, "it's you! Where are ye goin? What brings yez? Who towld yez?"

James sat down heavily and began beating his boot with his stick. Ah, he'd been to the fair, had sold early, was waiting for a train to take him home.

"Where are ye goin?" he said over his shoulder. "What were ye bicartin about?"

She looked up at him quickly, almost defiantly.

"To the United States."

He nodded, began again the tattoo on his boot, and before another word came the train had started.

"We're goin," said Mary. "Hurry and say goodby, or ther'll shut ye in."

"No matter," he answered. "I'll g'wan a bit."

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THE GIRL EMIGRANT.

She leaned out of the carriage window and saw the van door close, and then asked the porter if her box were safe and sound.

"Aw, aye," said he and slouched up, wiping the wet from his hand on his corduroys. "Aw, aye, it'll folly ye safe to Drogheda anyhow. Goodby, an God speed ye."

"Goodby," she said and gave him her hand. "But aren't the rest o' ye comin?" she called.

The station master came and gave her a parting word, then two or three town loiterers, then the station master's wife, with a shawl over her head and picking her way through the puddles. Last of all came a man—the girl's father, one could see—running stiffly and glancing back often at the horse and cart standing forlorn outside the gate.

"Goodby, Mary, an God be with ye, my girl." He held her hand for a second or two, and his lips kept moving, while she answered bravely. "You'll write from New York?"

"I will—aw—at once."

"Do. Don't keep us," he said, then stood back with the others and blinked at the driving rain. She pulled a handkerchief from a battered brown handbag and nervously wiped her lips.

"Ah," called she, "yez all thought yez'd see me cryin. Ah, I tricked yez rightly"

"Ah, no," answered the porter "We knew yo'd be brave."

"Aye, aye," assented the rest and shifting their legs. "Aye, aye."

"Away ye go!" shouted the guard. The engine shrieked Mary shook out her handkerchief and called goodby; her friends waved their arms. She had started for the United States.

"They thought I'd cry," said she as she sat back and fell to plucking at the fingers of her woolen gloves. "They thought I'd cry—och, no." She was brave, yet her lips were quivering, and her eyes were turned mournfully on the fields and hedges and the cottages, here and there shining white through the gray drift of the rain "We'll soon be at it," she said presently. "Ah, Lord, the day it is. An the state I'm in—och, och!" She stooped and wrung the water from her bedraggled skirt 'An me hair that tatte red. Aw, it's a shockin But I didn't cry," she said and flashed her black eyes at me "Och, no. Whisht! We're gettin near it Aw, there it is There they are. Goodby, mother Goodby, Patsey an Johnny an Lizzie Goodby, all"

I stood up, and over her hat caught a glimpse of the group gathered on the street before the cottage—the mother in her nightcap, the children bare legged, all waving their arms and caps and crying their farewells.

"Goodby," cried Mary back through the rain, "Och, goodby"

That was the last of them she would see, she said, as she sat down again—the last, till the Lord knew when She was for the United States! asked some one. Ah, she was, she could get work there, she could do nothing at home. Sure, it was better to go than to be a burden on them all Ah, yes, she'd been out before and had come home on account of that still grim though dismantled tower, built eight centuries ago to repel the assaults of those savages who were forerunners of the present day Englishman. But she was a brave girl, so she was—a brave girl, and God speed her, said they as one by one they went out clumsily at Navan station and left Mary and me together.

It was a fair day at Navan, therefore did the train settle itself by the platform for a long rest.

"The guard mebbe's gone to see the fair," said Mary, and I laughed, stamped vigorously (for it was cold) across the carriage floor, wiped the window and looked out.

Down the farther bank of the railway, along a narrow path which had started beyond the fields somewhere near the Boyne, was coming a little procession of six men, bearing a coffin on a rough hurdle made of ash poles. The men were bare headed, a single bunch of wild flowers lay atop the straining coffin, there were no mourners, nor anywhere could one see any sign of sorrow or curiosity They came on down, the men with their pitiful burden, crossed the track, came to a swing, slid the coffin into a fish van, shut the door, pulled their soft felt hats from their pockets, mopped their faces, then took shelter behind the van and lit their pipes. There wanted only a bottle to make the scene complete, and I was confidently watching for it, when right at my elbow there rose a great sobbing

"Aw, aw!" cried Mary. "Did ye see, did ye see? Och, what a way to be trated. An such a day for a buryin. All out in the wet—the wet an the cowld. Aw, poor creature! Aw, poor creature, mother, ye'll die, ye'll die! I'll niver see ye agin, nor father, nor no one! Aw, it's cruel to have yez! I'll go back I'll go back!"

Her sobs were pitiful. Loiterers began to gather round the door It was only a poor girl going to America, I explained They would pity her, I was sure. Oh, they would, said they, and went, all but one, a big, sunburned fellow, dressed in rough tweed, who came forward and asked my leave For what? Ah, he knew the girl.—Came in, went over and laid a rough hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Ah, don't," she said. "I'll go home, I'll go home!"

"What ails ye, Mary, at all?" said he and shook her again. She turned.

"Ah, God A'mighty, James!" she cried, and her tears went, "it's you! Where are ye goin? What brings yez? Who towld yez?"

James sat down heavily and began beating his boot with his stick. Ah, he'd been to the fair, had sold early, was waiting for a train to take him home.

"Where are ye goin?" he said over his shoulder. "What were ye bicartin about?"

She looked up at him quickly, almost defiantly.

"To the United States."

He nodded, began again the tattoo on his boot, and before another word came the train had started.

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a good for nothing by all chance. She would—but—another—by heaven, she—There—there, sinking inside him, was the trouble about which she had come here. She had come home to quarrel with him, but things had been quarrelsome. Ah, pest, one forgot it all. He had been easy going and lazy; wanted things to turn up; felt no inclination to hurry into married cares. Ah, come, he could wait awhile, and if his then Mary. Something like that it had been; anyhow Mary had not settled. They had quarreled, and now she was leaving him for better or worse. She was wise. Had the man no instinct That he nothing for her but hard questions and pitying looks? Would he not, before he went, say one kind word to this girl who had trusted in his word, and manhood, and, finding them worthless, was now leaving him forever? Did there not some golden memory linger about his heart? Not one. He was wooden to the core. He would sit on there, tapping his boot and staring at his big knuckled hands, neither hurt nor sorry, but just wondering that a girl could be such a fool. The train would stop, and, with a nod and a flabby shake of the hand, he would take himself out into the rain. And good riddance.

The train slowed. Mary's lips began to quiver. The train stopped. I gathered in my legs, so that the fellow might pass without touching me. He raised his head and looked out at the sky.

"Ah, I may as well g'wan to the junction," he drawled. "It'll be all the same. One could do nothin' such a day anyhow."

"Yis," said Mary, not cheerfully.

"Sure ye may as well."

We sat silent all the way to Drogheda, and there we parted—Mary, as it was set down, to catch a train north, James one back home and I to do my work in town.

Two hours afterward I met the two in the rain swept streets, and in my surprise stopped short before them. Mary looked up and laughed.

"Ah," said she, "I'm here yit. That train went without me."

"Oh," said I, "that's very bad. Why, the next won't be here for hours. And you're drenched. But—but"—and I looked at James as he stood slightly flushed and dripping wet, steadily staring across the street.

"Ah, yis," Mary answered. "James missed his too. I'm not goin at all. Sure we've made it up." I put my watch slowly back into my pocket and nodded. "James has promised me," she went on, and her eyes fell, "an we're goin to get marr'ed some harvest time, an he'll try hard for a place wi' the marquis. An—an—God knows, sur, I'm not sorry, for me heart was sore at I'arn in home."

They knew their own business best, but there fell an awkward silence, so I asked James concerning his prospects. Did he see his way clearly? Ah, he did. And he began tapping his boots. There there was always a way if one could only wait till it came. "I don't she better here anyway, whatever comes," said he and gave me a moment's glimpse at his face, "than out yonder wid the strangers! Sure 'twas madness av her so think av it. Sure Providence sent me to Mavin fair." Providence? And had Providence sent also that dismal procession to the fish van, that Mary might see it and sob for her friends and her James and the home of her heart?

"And you, Mary," I asked, "are you quite satisfied?"

"Ah, yis," said she mournfully. "Ah, I hope so."

I took her into a shop and bought her a little wedding gift—a silver brooch, shaped like a harp and set with green marble—then wished them more happiness than I expected they would have and went my way.

Three hours afterward saw me at Drogheda station again, and there was Mary, standing dejectedly by her box.

"Not gone home yet, Mary?" I asked. Her handkerchief fluttered out.

"No o, sur. I—was lookin for ye. I—I wanted to give ye back this," and she held out the brooch. "I'll never wear it Och, it's all over. I—I'm goin on to catch the ship."

It was well. I determined now that neither Providence nor emotion should hinder her going.

"Ah, no," she sobbed. "'Twas only foolishness. Me heart was sore at I'arin them all, at the sight of the coffin an James comin like that. Och, I o'n'dn't bear it. But 'twas foolish av me. It's better for me to go."

I took the brooch, pinned it on her jacket and spoke a foolish word or two by way of comfort. She would, I hoped, wear it for my sake, if not for—

"Aw, sur," she burst out, "if he'd only been studdy, for I liked him well. Och, och!"

She turned and looked down the platform. There sat James, drunk and asleep.—Shan F. Bullock in Speaker.

VIRGINIA'S ICE MINE.

It Is One of the Greatest Wonders in This Country.

One of the greatest curiosities in the United States, or in the world, perhaps, is the wonderful ledge of ice which exists, even in the midst of the hottest summer in Scott county, Va. This natural icehouse is situated on the north side of Stony mountain, about six miles from the mouth of a small stream known as Stony creek. The mouth is said to have been known to at least one of the early settlers, a Mr. Dauridge, who, it is alleged, discovered it while deer hunting away back in 1808. Owing to the fact that the land on which it was situated could not be bought, Mr. Dauridge positively refused to tell of the whereabouts of the ice ledge, and only visited the place when it was absolutely necessary to obtain a supply to be used in case of sickness.

The old man died many years ago, and from that time until 1892 the location of Dauridge's ice mine was unknown, the old gentleman having never even taken his own family into the secret.

In the year last mentioned, however, a party of herb diggers visited the unfrequented region contiguous to Stone mountain and were fortunate enough to rediscover the lost ice m

...Clean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

...SMITHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 6, 1896.

Mr. Bryan, I want to say to you for a minute,

It seems as Mackinley's election was assured stocks took an upward jump

The W. Sprouts will have over 1,000 majority in the District this year. Yah!

Tom Marsh explains the man for us Kane, commissioner Leonard Davis Wolf could scare over Lem.

Mrs. Varnes swing a sure fat Government was a excellent change for the men and how he did scare.

Tom Sawyer purchaser now 41 gal of Illinois, was screwed under a the gross political battle.

Thomas Liberty paint to keep up with Uncle Mack but both cannot cause the wire of a catching pace.

Havens saved the country once more when neighbors mean they can discuss the ordinary affairs of the day.

What's the matter with Bradford? Three all right. So is Kane and McKean and all other sections of the county.

Morris and Dungan's pinions stand up. The Miner heartily congratulates you both on the splendid majorities you received.

Walter T. Merrick Republican candidates for State Senator has between 1,200 and 1,300 majority in the district. A nice little plum.

It was if any wonder that the candidates ran well when the roar was brought up by a Cannon in the hands of Freemans. Whooper.

That sound words that have been uttered about McKinley during the campaign will soon be forgotten and all will take pride in saying He is our president.

Sheriff-Elect Harry Mann under the wire a fine winner and for three years more will look after the matters of the commonwealth in the District Attorney's office.

The Philadelphia Inquirer claims the election of Alexander Crow Jr. for sheriff of Philadelphia county is the bitterest local fights in the city's history.

Mark Hanna, chairman of the Democratic National Committee still claims the election but if success this is only Democratic heavenly and is only equal as an excuse for Mr. himself knows as easily as possible.

The vote for Messrs Stark and Coy cancellation for auditor on the Commonwealth ticket is so close that at times of going so prone there is no way of telling who is ahead. They will undoubtedly have a plenty to handle the issues.

Tom Marsh, Tom and Daddy Lamberton's ice had a great race last Tuesday as one which could roll up the largest majority for McKinley. Old Father Penn had the chances slightly in his favor owing to positively to greater acquaintance.

Tom Marsh respectfully calls the attentions of Mr. Layman of the Reporter to the fact that the census J. S. Davis, will be the next sheriff and it is to be hoped that Mr. Layman will forever send the accounts in of the sheriff that if the laws be will find Mr. Davis shows to represent the dignity of the office.

Mr. Kinley has 24 states which will give him 277 votes as the electoral college and a popular majority of over 1,000,000. There will be no doubt about it. The people are with him and a prosperous term promises star as be the last of Uncle Sam's child rule under Mr. Cleveland's wise statesmanship.

The Spanish and Cuban papers see in the election of McKinley the placing of a friend of Cuba in the White House. All true Americans are friends of Cuba, but it is only a sad fear that President McKinley will adopt any other foreign policy than the firm one regarding of American interests. Pittsburg Dispatch.

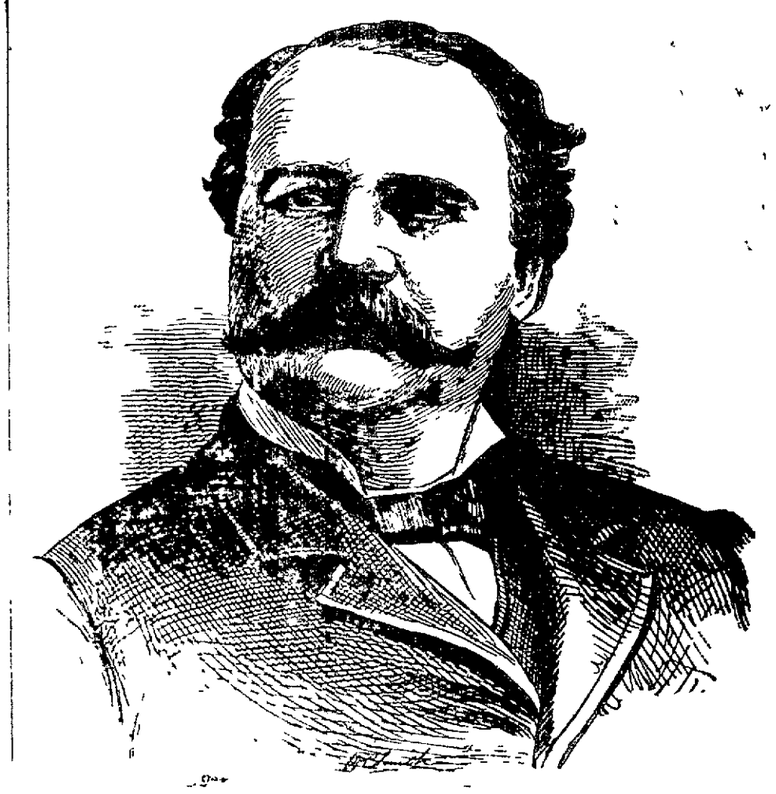
To free honest Democrats who would not countenance the stealing of their manhood and having it placed on the lowest stocks of free silver nauseated money repudiation ticket and who cast their ballots for good government and the universal credit, the Miner wishes to tender the heartiest congratulation. Most who for years have voted Democratic but could not follow this head long lunch of the free silverites down into the bankrupt gulf towards which they were ably rushing bravely stood the storm and voted as they thought right and for the nation's good.

As free silver from the battle of ballots arises and a clearer view is obtained it becomes evident that the American citizens can be safely trusted with the ballot and that confidence which has been unquestioned by its advocates for the past four years will once more be restored and the uncertainty which has prevailed in all business circles will take its departure. The Republican party will again assume charge of national affairs, the credit of which has been very much depleted by the present party in power through incompetent management. Major McKinley as President, with a good working majority in the House and Senate, will soon devise means to restore confidence and the wheels of industry will soon begin to hum once more. True, it will require some time to bring this about, but the peoples' confidence in the government will possess a great leverage in producing a change for the better.

PRESIDENT-ELECT.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT



GARRET A. HOBART.

WHOOPEE! McKINLEE! SOUND MONEE!

A Grand Victory Throughout the United States for Good Government, Protection to American Labor, and Reciprocity.

FREE-SILVER AND REPUDIATION DOWNED.

Every Eastern State gives McKinley and Hobart larger Pluralitie than Were ever Rolled up Before in the History of a National Election.--Pennsylvania 280,000, New York 275,000 for Instance.

THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY WILL MOVE.

Confidence is Restored and the County's Honor is Preserved

The Merry hum of Mills and Manufacturing Establishments will sing Praise to Republicanism

HOMESUY VS. ANARCHY.

And Honesty Won by the Largest Popular Vote ever Cast in these United States.

The great battle of ballots fought throughout this great nation last Tuesday and won by the Republicans was not merely a battle of parties for supremacy but a battle with citizens who love their country, love prosperity love industry, and cherish and uphold the Constitution of the United States on the winning side and such an anarchistic gang as Altgeld, Teller and Tillman followed by populists, socialists and scum of the Democratic party as were too bible bound and stubborn to follow their own honest convictions on the looking side.

But the battle is won and the men of business can now feel safe in starting the fires in the long cold furnaces and give the idle patriots of protection and prosperity their reward for their ballots—a good living honestly earned.

The victory is a grand one and one that could only be attained by any party when the opposition has made the mistake of insulting the intelligence of the American people

A noticeable feature of the returns is the enormous pluralities given in the States that give McKinley the electoral vote and the wonderfully decreased pluralities in States that Bryan gets the electors. The only big majority which the Populists claim anywhere is in Colorado, while, on the other hand, the Republican States have given unparalleled majorities for McKinley. With New York and Pennsylvania rolling for the 300,000, with Massachusetts pulling toward 130,000, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa close to 100,000, with Michigan and Wisconsin hovering around 30,000, and Indiana and Minnesota over 25,000 each, it is past denying that McKinley's majority of the popular vote will be even more significant than his majority in the Electoral College.

LANDSLIDE IN SOME PARTS.

Enormous Vote Polled in All Parts of the Country

Close Vote Registered in Many States of the South, West and Middle West. Returns in Some Instance Slow on Account of Changes in the Ballot Laws. Chairman Hanna's Predictions in Most Cases Verified—Close Survey in Illinois. Altgeld Going Down in the General Crash—Indications Are That President McKinley Will Have a Congress Behind Him Which Will Carry Out the Mandates of the Republican Party. The Immense Vote Polled by All Legal Non Partisan Assembly to the Great Interest Taken in the Contest by the People — Excitement Extended in Some Sections and Changes of Hyped Made in Others — Rioting in a Few Cases—General Gamby of the Election.

CHICAGO Nov 4. William McKinley has been elected president of the United States Garret A. Hobart, vice president.

The sovereign people have spoken The money question, the paramount issue of the campaign, has been settled. The existing standard must be maintained until by an international agreement the leading nations of the world shall adopt the double standard.

This, in effect, is what the election of the Republican candidates means. Besides this, it means the enactment of a tariff law which will provide greater revenue than is raised under the Wilson law

These are the most important promises made by the Republican platform and a majority of the voters of the United States have declared for them

The victory of the Republican party is a most notable one Not in many years has such interest been manifested in national politics. The struggle has been a hard and even bitter one in many sections and the enormous vote polled in all localities shows the interest which has been evinced. And this interest has not been confined to this country England, Germany, France and in fact all Europe have a vital interest in the question at stake and it may be said indeed, that during the past campaign the eyes of the world have been upon us

While the returns from some distant states are necessarily incomplete, and in other localities uncertainty still lingers, the returns now at hand are sufficient to leave no doubt of the one essential point, namely, that McKinley has been elected and that he will have behind him a congress with a working majority sufficient to carry out the policies enunciated in the platform upon which he was elected

For the triumph of the Republican party much of the credit will be conceded to the party's standard bearer and successful candidate William McKinley His effective during the long and heated campaign he have untiring For many hours of every day he has stood upon the now famous porch of his cottage at Canton and wended the hand of welcome to thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the land as he expounded to them the doctrines of "honest currency and a protective tariff Hundreds of addresses were delivered by him to the visiting delegations, and to his personality is due more than to any one man the victory which the Republican party has gained

RECEIVING THE RETURNS.

Crowds Thronged the Streets of the Metropolis All Night.

NEW YORK Nov 4 — McKinley and Hobart carried New York city and the news at night which told how the votes had been cast in the various assembly districts rolled out many signs of delight from Republican and gold standard Democrats. McKinley's plurality in New York city will vary only a few votes from 21,000. This was the news that flashed out by a hundred of the most improved heads of the electric age and threw such a pall over the followers of the Democratic candidates that they seemed to melt away and merge into admirers of the Napoleon of Canton When results were so far known as to announce that Black, Republican candidate for governor had run behind his electoral ticket about 9,000, which included his Sarling about one half the plurality given McKinley expressions of surprise could be heard in the crowded streets

But such a result was naturally to be expected on account of so many Democrats voting Republican on the national ticket and refusing to vote the state ticket. Still more comment was made on the vote for Woodruff for lieutenant governor which pointed to his having about 3,000 plurality in the city General results in the city were known early Some people seemed to feel them in the air Colonel Fred Grant, sitting in his office at police headquarters, with the running in of the first figures and here ordinary citizens and say Mac that the counting had really commenced, dashed off a message to Major McKinley congratulating him on receiving the majority of votes in this city and tacking on a line of congratulation as his being next president.

At every point throughout the city where there was even a hint that election returns would be announced was gathering immensity The people grabbed early and with the first flash of bulletin on the streets anxious faces were shown that studied figures and moving lips that calculated the figures as though their lives depended on it.

With the coming of the first returns, the mass of humanity changed from a crowd to a mob. They packed wide streets and jammed narrow ones, they fought screamed, struggled. Old men acted hard to get on high places where they would be out of the way of the moving press and where they could tell all who would listen that such crowds had never been seen in the city before.

They told of riots, during which they had fought, fires that had crumbled away blocks of buildings, accidents that had been the talk of the entire country But none of them, they said, had even as a unit compared with the gathering like a human flood of last night, that flooded into doorways and basements, swarmed through side streets, washed up on lamp posts and stairways; always moving and never still, never silent.

And this concourse kept up a continual din. There were almost sounds of horns, of mechanical contrivances and human voices. In the early hours this confusion could have been understood to have been intended for any candidate city state or national But when the later hours rolled around the noise increased, but it took up the universal sound that make up McKinley's name The followers of the advocate of silver had gone home or been converted

Down town looked as though the scene of excitement had been reached in the dazzling lights and congested crowds Along Broadway between Twenty third and Forty-eighth streets where the various newspapers had bulletin boards the night and the sound were even more picturesquely confused Hotels were deserted for the more stirring scenes of the street The Fifth Avenue hotel was the one exception Here politicians gathered Greely and Herald squares were blotted out and became spaces of heads Every body moved no one made progress. The Tenderloin became what some people picture it who have never been near its streets—jammed ways of flashing light, of oddly dressed women of smart small boys, of yelling men and sightseers.

NEW YORK STATE

Elections Passed Off Quietly and Quietly In All Parts.

ALBANY Nov 4—Never in the history of national elections has there been such a quiet and orderly election as that which marked the close of a heated and remarkable campaign conducted in this state At no one point in the state was the voting made difficult by either attempted fraud or violence Some idea of the interest and intensity of feeling in the results was, however apparent in the manner in which the vote was cast. Phenomenal in all its features was the early rush to the polls and the quiet and orderly casting of the ballots. In many districts the registered vote was polled at 3 o'clock and poll clerks and watchers sat idly by

Hardly had the polls closed when the results from small districts began to come in and the city vote in New York and other cities began to be tabulated Exceedingly interesting were the deductions from these returns When the early ones were in it was evident that the vote cast for McKinley in the cities of the state showed in comparison with 1892 and allowing for the increased registration was a gain for the Republicans of at least 10 per cent, a corresponding loss for the Democrats, and the significant fact that the gold Democratic ticket only from 1½ to 1½ per cent of the entire vote

This was in excess of the claim of the Republicans as to McKinley's expected gain but was a general confirmation of the statement made days ago that the real legal supporters of the gold Democratic ticket would in a large measure vote for McKinley In the state at large outside of New York and Brooklyn the talked of gain of the Democrats from the regular Republican pluralities were not apparent at all With at least one-half of the precincts heard from McKinley ran far ahead of the Harrison vote while Black and Woodruff the candidates for state officers, were about on even terms with the Morton vote of 1894 even allowing for the increase in registration Morton for governor carried the state by 156,000 and last New York city It was noticeable that Black ran somewhat behind McKinley in the fight, but not as much as had been predicted.

REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.

News of Victory Received by the Leaders at Chicago.

CHICAGO Nov 4—At the headquarters of the Republican national committee elaborate preparations had been made for the reception of the election returns. The wires of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies and those of the long distance telephone had been strung into the office and a small army of accountants was set hand to tabulate the figures and compare them with the votes of 1892 and 1894 The news was late in starting and for a time slow in coming The first message that did not deal with the condition of the weather and was not more of an indefinite promise than a statement of actual conditions came from Donald McKay the chairman of the Oregon state central committee. It was as follows

"The city of Portland gives a majority of 5,000 for McKinley and this means the state for the Republican ticket.

"This is a good order to start on" said Vice Chairman Payne "but it is only the first raindrop of the coming deluge We will have pretty more of the same in the sweet bye and bye "

Then ensued an hour of indefinite messages from all points of the country all of them of an encouraging nature to the Republican cause. Then came a message from Baltimore saying that Chairman Rent of the Democratic city central committee conceded that city to McKinley by 15,000. "That means Maryland for us, I think," said Mr Payne quietly "We are going now and they will never catch us.

AT HOBART'S HOME.

Scenes of Jubilation Around the New Vice President's Home.

NEW YORK, Nov 4—Until reports from New Jersey had been received Mr Hobart was unwilling to admit that his election was certain. Then as the night grew old he became more confident and gave to the correspondents the following signed statement

"I now assume certain that the cause of sound money triumphed gloriously I look for an era of prosperity and a national policy based upon the principles which the people, without regard to party, have so ably upheld.

GARRET A. HOBART

It was after midnight when the enthusiastic crowds dispersed. Time and again during the evening Mr Hobart appeared upon the porch while thousands surged about the house. The air was thick with the smoke of fireworks. Bands played and men shouted themselves hoarse

At midnight Mr Hobart received the following from Mark A. Hanna

"I cannot express my feeling You and your wife, I hope, share the joy I feel in the result of this victory. Your personality has contributed a full share, and I deem it an honor to have represented such a candidate.

M. A. HANNA.

Arthur Sewall Interviewed.

BATH, Me, Nov 4—Arthur E Sewall was interviewed in his home regarding the result of the election Said he We will be under a government controlled by syndicates for the next four years as well as by injunction Mr Bryan received 140 electoral votes, which shows there are some honest men in the country "

Congress Strongly For Gold.

WASHINGTON Nov 4—Chairman Babcock of the Republican congress committee claims a majority of over 100 in the next house against silver

New York's Congressmen.

NEW YORK, Nov 4—The New York delegation in congress will consist of 27 Republicans 6 Democrats and 1 independent Republican

Pergonal of Congress.

NEW YORK Nov 4—Returns show that the Republicans have elected 200 congressmen Democrats 50 Populists 11 National Democrats, 1 Josiah Patterson of Tennessee This leaves 65 districts to be heard from

Estimate of the Senate.

NEW YORK, Nov 4—The Tribune's estimate of the next senate of the United States is as follows Republicans, 49 Democrats, 23 gold standard Democrats 4 Populists, 8 doubtful, 6.

How the Legislature Stands.

ALBANY, Nov 4.—The legislature will stand Republicans, 27 Independent Republican, 1 Democrats 6 total, 34

McKinley's Total Plurality

CLEVELAND Nov 4—Chairman Hanna says McKinley will have over 1,000 000 plurality on the popular vote

A LAWYER HIRED BY THE DAY.

And the Reason He Quit This Job Precisely on Time.

With the name of Rufus Lockwood is recalled to mind one of the most extraordinary geniuses that the state of California ever produced. It is many years now since Lockwood hid away in the courts of San Francisco. He was, in his day, perhaps the best lawyer in the state, and it was only because of his utter indifference to pecuniary matters that he did not leave a large fortune behind him.

Lockwood went at one time to Horace Hawes, a very distinguished lawyer, and the author of the consolidation act which is now in force. Hawes had a reputation for close figuring and Lockwood knew it. He said, 'Mr Hawes, I'll hire myself to you for one year from date at a salary of $25 a day, payable every night.

All right ' said Hawes, delighted to engage the services of the brightest mind in the state at so low a figure—for the salary was not a great one in those days—and the bargain was sealed. It was 11 o'clock in the morning. But from that time on, it is said, Hawes never missed an opportunity of reminding Lockwood of his bondage. He would say in the presence of others, "Lockwood, go fetch that book," "Lockwood, do this or that," etc Lockwood never said a word, but did as he was bidden, and Hawes enjoyed his triumph.

Finally it came to the day when the year's engagement terminated. There was a most important lawsuit on hand, of which Lockwood had made a careful study No one in the state could possibly have handled it as he did. Well, on the day in question Lockwood stood in court an array of lawbooks in front of him, and expounded his views in masterly fashion. Suddenly he looked up at the clock and saw that it was the hour of 11 Closing the book from which he was quoting, he turned to Hawes, who was sitting beside him, and said, "Mr. Hawes, a year ago today at this hour I contracted to work for you one year My time's up, the contract is canceled and I am going."

Thus did he repay his master for the humiliation heaped upon him. Hawes was in the greatest consternation. He could not possibly take up the thread of the case where Lockwood had left it, and he begged and implored him to proceed. But Lockwood remembered, and he turned a deaf ear to all persuasions. He kept his word, the contract had expired.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Trick of the Trade.

A lady who has been in London told me that as she and her husband were walking along the Strand one day—and they don't think that they look ferociously American—the vender of a kind of bagpipe whistle was displaying his wares by playing various tunes.

As our compatriots paused him he struck up "Yankee Doodle," and when that didn't seem to have any effect he followed it with "The Star Spangled Banner."

Such ingenuity deserved reward, so the couple purchased one of the pipes.

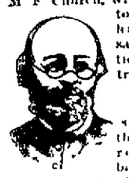
"How did you know I was an American?" demanded the gentleman.

"'Ow do I know a dash's a duck?" was the reply. "Hit's an old sailor, your honor, han I've been heverywhere. When a Scotchman goes by hi gives 'im 'Bonnie Dundee,' han Hirishman, 'The Wearing hof th' Green,' han I sort ho darky jest now with 'The Hold Folks hat 'Ome.'"—Polly Pry in New York Recorder

The only permanent cure for chronic catarrh is to thoroughly expel the poison from the system by the faithful and persistant use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful remedy proves successful when all other treatment has failed to relieve the sufferer.

The Only One To Stand the Test.

Rev William Copp, whose father was a physician for over fifty years, in New Jersey, and who himself spent many years preparing for the practice of medicine but subsequently entered the ministry of the M E Church, writes "I am glad to testify that I have had analyzed all the sarsaparilla preparations known in the trade, but



AYER'S

is the only one of them that I could recommend as a blood purifier Have given away hundreds of bottles of it, as I consider it the safest as well as the best to be had —Wm Copp, Pastor M E Church, Jackson, Miss.

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla
Whon in doubt, ask for Ayer's Pills

Think of it,

4lb feather pillows 48c, worth $1 00, $4 00 men's overcoats for $2 50, $1 65 men's oil grain work shoes only $1 30, 12-inch best steel hand saw 10c worth 25c, men's artics 90c, not $1 25, lamp wick 1c dozen not 10c, best water white oil 8 & 10c gal , 6 foot Vention table $3 85, $4 85 & $6 00 each, at least $1 50 less than can be had elsewhere, beds $2 00 to $5 55 xtra strong dining room chairs fancy & durable $1 75 set 6 Rocking horses 85c to $100.

Come early to select your Xmas goods. We have been hauling them out right and left for the past six weeks We will have 1,000 lbs of candy for Xmas & it will be fresh & good

We have all kinds of dress and work pants A good, all wool heavy pants at $1 50 $2 00 dress pants at $3 15.

$50.00 Dresden China dinner sets 112 pieces Dec We will sell the first set for $14 00 We can boast of the largest & finest assortment of imported dishes of any store in Smethport They R worth going 20 miles 2 C & cheap is no name We are almost giving them away Never such bargains heard of B-4

Dash board lanterns 65c, Delt's tubular 43c Mammoth assortment of men's dress ties 5 to 65c each Men's ends $1 00 slipper, 50c, carpet slipper, 35c. We also have fine comfortables for 90c Well, in fact we can save U from 10 to 50c on every dollar's worth you buy of us

A. E. STICKLES,
Racket Store, East Smethport.

MOTHERS!

When in Olean don't forget to visit the

CHILDREN'S BAZAAR.

You will find just what you want for the little ones.

We keep Infants' Dresses, Vests, Skirts, Bands, Bootees, Cloaks, Knit Sacques and Toilet Articles.

Children's Aprons, Drawers, Hosiery and Handkerchiefs

Also a fine line of Stamped Linens and Wash Embroidery Silks, India Linens, Nainsooks. Embroidered Flanuels, Laces, &c.

SOMETHING NEW

In Children's Knit Night Drawers with feet. Every child should wear them.

Special sale of Infants Nainsook Slips for only 50c.

THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR,
179 Union St.,
Opp. M. E. Church. OLEAN, N. Y.

Are you Going to buy a Mower, Reaper or Binder?

Wm Masser is agent for the JOHNSTON HARVESTING CO., of Batavia, N. Y. He will be pleased to show Machines and quote prices. Also Walker, Stratman & Co.'s Fertilizers, at low prices.

WILLIAM MASSER,
Water Street, Smethport.

We are not Trying

to tell you in a newspaper ad. a lot of stuff that you don't want to know. What you do want to know is this: If you are thinking about

FURNITURE, WALL PAPER, CARPETS, DRAPERIES, RUGS, LINOLEUMS, OR ANY HOUSEFURNISHINGS,

OUR STORE

is where you get the best article for the least money Our stock is large and our facilities for getting the cream of every line are such that we sell the *best qualities* for the same prices that the average merchant sells inferior goods for.

Write us for prices or any information, its what we are here for, to keep in touch with the trade We have a great many remnants of all kinds of goods, they must be sold cheap. Can't you be one of the lucky purchasers?

We sew the Carpet Free.
We Pay the Freight.

ANDREWS & CONKLING.
HOUSEFURNISHERS.
127-129 Union Street,
OLEAN, N. Y.

GAS HEATERS

We have some thirty styles of heaters, but the most salable style is the Radiant Home No. 20, price $14.

It is handsome, open front, asbestos back and it gets more heat out of a little gas than any other heater made.

GAS RANGES

The Reliable is the best gas range we can find—better than the best of others in twenty different ways.

We sold 500 stoves year ending Sept. 1st and many of them were Reliable ranges, yet we never have a complaint on them.

LAMPS

Our lamp stock this year was bought when makers wanted to sell badly. We have a room full of lamp bargains. There is scarce a lamp style that we cannot sell for less than most dealers pay for it.

HORSE GOODS

Blankets at a dozen prices. The Burlington is the best stable blanket, partly because it stays on No strap or surcingle necessary.

On harness—you could afford to travel several hundred miles to buy some grades here and still save money.

CHINA

Dinner Sets as low as $7.00 A score of other prices before you get up to Haviland. A $35 Haviland Set for $28. We import Havaland ware direct, and sell it low.

Everything in crockery at this store.

When you buy a thing at this store it is the best we can buy at the price. We have built this business by satisfying customers. Most people who buy here only wish that we sold more lines than we do. Visitors always welcome.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
Bradford, Pa.

EMERY & WEAVER.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling

Seely's New Society Perfume, *Ave Maria*, is an exquisite production of *delicateness*. It is a Society Fad among refined people from ocean to ocean, and is considered the proper thing by all persons who give perfume using more than a passing thought. Sprays from an Ave Maria atomizer captivate you at once; and, by the way, if you are at all interested in "Soap Nicety" and perfection, let us show you Seely's Almond Milk Soap, the great skin beautifier. Fine enough for Queen Victoria, but not a bit too nice for you. Our price, 10c a cake. Money cheerfully given back if you yourself do not think it the equal of any 25c Soap in the market

THE PALACE PHARMACY.

A. W. COLEGROVE, PROP'R.

Burn Your BRYAN SPEECHES and sit by the fire while you read A GOOD BOOK.

Buy it at McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

The above cut illustrates one of the many novelties we are showing in our immense line of

CLOAKS.

If a goods come to us direct from one of the leading cloak manufactories in the country, thus enabling us to offer you

The Correct Styles

and at an additional advantage, as we cut the middleman's profit.

We cordially invite you to call and inspect our stock

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

Smethport, Pa.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling

300. 300. 300.

Life size enlargements absolutely given away at

GLEASON'S GALLERY

To introduce our new Nepera Bromide work and new style cabinets we will give free of charge one large picture with every dozen cabinets. This offer is limited.

Remember, the place is

GLEASON'S GALLERY.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter

SMETHPORT FRIDAY NOV 6 1896

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Doc McKinley bill is paid.

Argument court was held Wednesday

Mrs. C. Sloan who has been very ill, is slowly recovering.

—Comrade Choate has moved into the room over W. D. Gallup's store.

—Harpers' Magazine for November is replete with interesting reading matter.

In the case of Tolles of Bradford, judgment was arrested and the prisoner discharged.

Janitor Bush has placed the winter coverings on the fountains in front of the court house.

The Republic out of Bradford will eat its McKinley's election next Tuesday night. Whoop 'er up!

Company C's fine ball team defeated the Oil City team last Saturday at Oil City. Score 25 to 0.

John Forrest at considerable expense has had built a fine terrace in front of his residence, east side of the walk.

It is said that some of East Smethport's young men will soon depart for West Virginia in search of work.

The Kendall Tent, K. O. T. M. will give their annual masquerade dance at East Bradford, Thanksgiving eve.

A communication from R. E. Lasher of Kane reached us too late for last week's issue and would not answer for this week.

Miss Lulu K. evans entertained a number of her friends last Saturday evening by giving a very enjoyable Hallowe'en party.

Last Saturday Miss Bush removed the fine collection of trout from the fountain in the square to the basement of the court house.

Hallowe'en passed off without the usual amount of damage being done. The youthful population is evidently getting sensible.

John Stull of East Smethport was unfortunate enough to fall and break three ribs while on his way home last Saturday evening.

—Elmer Heath and John Reader the ornamental artists, have posted their names and will do hand work under one roof at the parlors of Mr. Heath.

Ladies' Home Journal for November is fine. Among the leading articles is one which describes the landing of Jenny Lind and her tour of the United States.

—The small boy and his ilk born evidently feel like rejoicing over the result judging from the noise that has been heard on our streets for the last three days.

Ned Newman has been wearing a pair of crutches since last Saturday's foot-ball game. He will apply for a pension, his claim will be on a skin game disablement.

Jonathan Colegrove and Ira Gleason showed their inherent love of country last Tuesday by coming to the polls and casting their votes for McKinley and sound money.

—The members of the bar from Bradford and Kane who came here Wednesday to attend argument court seemed happy and contented, as much as to say, we did our duty.

McClure's Magazine for November is very interesting and among its best articles is one, the first Republican convention held at Chicago, in which it describes the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

—Robert Harper will lecture at the opera house Nov. 13 subject Around the World in a Man of War. This lecture is under the auspices of the Smethport Entertainment Association.

Chairman T. B. Brightman sent a telegram Wednesday afternoon announcing that Potter county had gone for McKinley by plurality between 300 and 1300 and that the whole Republican ticket was elected.

The new engine house and water tank of the B. B. & K. R. R. are completed. The engine house is large enough to accommodate two engines and stove. It has been painted presents quite an attractive appearance.

The K. O. T. M. dance at Mt. Jewett last Friday evening was one of the most successful events of its kind ever held in the Columbian borough. Several young men from this place attended and report a very pleasant time.

One of the interesting features of next Tuesday's ratification meeting will be an original wheelbarrow act by Bob Disney who will wheel Alex Harrington from the St. James to Kennedy street in payment of an election bet.—Era.

As the political campaign is over from now on we will devote considerable space each week to the farm and home. Care will be used in selecting the best in the hopes that our readers will take the trouble to carefully peruse the articles.

Here is a specimen of the feeling that predominates in our high school on the presidential issue. At a recent vote taken McKinley had 14 votes and Bryan 4. The local candidates had even higher majorities. The entire vote was 161 for McKinley and 16 for Bryan.

The marriage of Miss Bailey of Coudersport, N. Y. to Mr. O. J. Hamlin of Smethport is announced. It will occur in a short time.—Eagle. The MINER is authorized to say that the lady referred to above is known by the name of Miss M. D. Bolger.

—Last Tuesday morning R. S. Goodall cast his ballot for McKinley and good government and then started with his family for Mt. Jewett where he will make his home in the future. The MINER wishes himself and family continued success and happiness.

—St. Luke's Guild box is now ready for contributions of second hand clothing. It is desirable that the garments sent be clean and in good repair or that patches be sent with them to enable the guild to put them in repair. The guild room will be open from 2 until 5 Thursday after noons.

The Sweden Valley Times has been resurrected again that is partly. The local page is the same as the Potter Enterprise of last week but the editorial page is entirely new.

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—Last Saturday night Main street was filled with people who were looking for "scrap" and as is usually the case they found it. A gang from Ormsby participated in the festivities. The affair started in front of the Central and after fighting a few rounds they chewed the rag for about two hours. One of Ormsby's brats mean bit a man, who was so intoxicated that he could hardly stand in a very cowardly manner. This was Hallowe'en and though there were about 15 special police not one of them was around. They were regular policemen—invisible. It is about time that such disgraceful scenes were dispensed with in a civilized community.

Supt. McKenna of the B. B. & K. has not been successful in getting a clew to the parties who wrecked the passenger train at Falen's switch last week but hopes soon to be able to bring the guilty persons to justice. He states that three attempts within six weeks were made to wreck the B. B. & K. in the vicinity of Falen's switch and there can be but little doubt that the wreckers reside in that neighborhood. The first time a plank of tubing was placed across the track the second time some planks were used, and the third time the switch was thrown open. The first two attempts were discovered in time to stop the train.—Bradford Record.

—Bishop Whitehead confirmed a class of fourteen at St. Luke's church on last Saturday evening. On Sunday the Bishop preached two very able and practical sermons to large congregations and also made an address at All Saint's chapel, East Smethport. The music at the services was carefully arranged and fully up to the high standard of St. Luke's choir. The remarkable talent of Mrs. H. S. Rogers as an organist, appeared in the skillful and artistic way in which the resources and combinations of the large instrument were brought out. Mrs. Rogers was the organist at St. Luke's for a number of years until her removal to Mt. Jewett and is of excelled by many professional organists of wide reputation.

Last Monday at Austin, Constable Williams went to arrest a man (without a warrant) by the name of Jack Mehno and alleged to be keeping a pig's ear. When the officer arrived on the ground he found Mehno had moved to more congenial quarters. The officer then took a young man named Mohn in charge and marched him to the office of Squire Austin. As they were about to step inside Mohn knocked the constable down and made a break for liberty. Constable Williams jumped up and commenced firing at the fugitive sending four bullets after him but failed to score a hit. The people with the constable pursued Mohn to the woods but he made his escape. The young man came away feeling satisfied that he had found the right kind of a girl to make a loving helpmeet for a man through life but he has never forgiven for talking politics against Cutting.

A Cowcatch a Needed

Last Saturday night from 9.30 to about 12.20 certain parts of Main street were perfect bedlams owing to the rowdyism of about 25 hoodlums in all of whom we reckon at least two-thirds were drunk. Quite a number of them seemed anxious to fight but lacked the nerve for it.—It was principally McKinnon boys. Fortunately McKinnon lay between the rails and his body or limbs were not caught by the wheels. He was rolled along the track under the cars and terribly bruised and lacerated. The injured man was attended by Dr. Roberts and subsequently brought to his home in this city.

Later.—The railroad company's surgeons visited McKinnon last night and found that his injuries were more serious than at first reported. His right leg below the knee is crushed and the left foot badly injured. His head was also cut in two places. It is probable that the injured leg will have to be amputated.—Yesterday's Era.

When Courting Don't Tell a Falsehood.

Last Saturday night one of our bright young men hired a livery rig and drove some distance to call on his best girl who is a sweet school marm and boards at a house whose owner is a rabid free silverite. The young man got into a political discussion with the old geezer who got on what rolled and locked the door on the loving couple. The night was not very cold and by means (?) known to fond lovers they managed to keep comfortably warm 'til the sad hour of separation came. The young lady then proved that she was made of excellent material. Securing a lantern she accompanied her swain to the barn (it was hallowe'en) they found the bridle wired to the harness and the whiffle-tree wired to the wheels. By a great deal of perseverance and energy on the part of both masters were soon straightened out and the young man came away feeling satisfied that he had found the right kind of a girl to make a loving helpmeet for a man through life but he has never forgiven for talking politics against Cutting.

—The Baker ballot is a great institution for the voter but every election board in the county uttered some very severe comments on the tickets in making up the returns.

—J. C. Gallup and family have moved into their new residence at the corner of King and Union streets. This residence has been thoroughly improved since it was purchased by Mr. Gallup some time ago. The house has been repainted and repapered throughout an addition erected containing a dining room, kitchen, bed room, bath room and closets. A new porch has also been constructed. The home is a model of neatness and Mr. Gallup is to be congratulated on being the possessor of so handsome a home.

Conductor McGannon Injured.

Michael McGannon a B. B. & K. conductor narrowly escaped death yesterday. McGannon is conductor on the train known as the Mt. Jewett local which leaves this city at 4 p. m. Last evening while the train was switching at Mt. Jewett McGannon fell from the caboose to the track and two freight cars and the caboose passed over him. Two of his toes were run over by a car and crushed. Fortunately McGannon lay between the rails and his body or limbs were not caught by the wheels. He was rolled along the track under the cars and terribly bruised and lacerated. The injured man was attended by Dr. Roberts and subsequently brought to his home in this city.

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Whom Courting Don't Pay a Politician.

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List of Letters.

Remaining in the postoffice at Smethport Pa. for the week ending Oct. 31, 1896

Alexander Harper Mary A.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

W. P. WALSH, Postmaster

Sore Throat Quickly Cured.

Not long ago in speaking of sore throat and the difficulty frequently experienced in curing it, Mr. J. E. Thomas of Unionville, Pa. told how he had often cured it in his family. We give it in his own words. I have frequently used Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my family for sore throat and it has effected a speedy cure in every instance. I would not think of getting along in my home without it." Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains and bruises. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Winter Excursion Ticket on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On November 1 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale at its principal ticket offices excursion tickets to all prominent winter resorts in New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Cuba. The tickets will be sold at the usual low rates. The magnificent facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its many connections, make this the favorite line for winter travel.

An illustrated book, descriptive of winter resorts and giving routes of travel and rates for tickets will be furnished free on application to ticket agents.

The best anodyne for the cure of bronchitis is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives prompt relief, followed by certain cure.

Those fine blankets at ridiculously low prices. See Lemmler about them.

PERSONAL MENTION

F. I. H. Lines visited Eldred Sunday.

John R. Shoemaker visited Clermont Saturday.

John F. Mullin visited Kane Wednesday night.

Mrs. Anna B. Gifford spent Sunday in Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. Mary Backus visited Bradford friends yesterday.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless visited Pittsburg Tuesday.

Atty. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town last Wednesday.

Leon Walters went to Austin last Wednesday for a two week's visit.

Jack Bates of Ludlow was in town Wednesday greeting old friends.

Miss Dibble, one of our efficient teachers, visited Bradford last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wright of Coleville were guests of Mrs. Lemmler Saturday.

Mrs. Emory Durfee and Flora Baker of Port Allegany were in town Sunday last.

George I. Roberts came up from Pittsburg Wednesday to attend argument court.

Commander Pierce came over from Austin to deposit a McKinley vote last Tuesday.

Matthew Brennan of Ceres was in town last Saturday greeting his many old friends.

S. F. Bell came down from Kane Tuesday to exercise the rights of an American citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ramer and family and Miss Myrtle Gifford visited Kane friends Friday.

Samuel King returned to his home in Friendship Monday to deposit his ballot for McKinley.

Charles Harris and Ben Greenberg of Ceres were visiting B. F. Wright and family over Sunday.

J. F. Rooney went to Bradford yesterday to see if it was possible to figure out the McKinley land slide.

Mrs. Ada Cable of Bradford was here Wednesday enjoying the pleasure of computing the election table.

Mr. and Mrs. Waggoner and children of Warren were guests of E. D. Calkins and family the forepart of the week.

Mrs. I. G. Maynard and children of Dighy, Ohio, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Leminler the first of the week.

Bishop Whitehead preached three eloquent sermon at St. Luke's while here, returning to his home Monday morning.

Capt. Moses of Eldred was in town Wednesday wearing the look of a veteran who has performed a duty of which he was justly proud.

W. A. King R. E. Powell G. R. Lewis and wife and Miss Mayme Fitzjubar of Bradford wheeled over Saturday last and were guests at the Wright House.

Augustus Norman, judge of the election district of Kanesholm, brought in the returns on Wednesday and during his stay was a very pleasant caller at this office.

John F. Anderson of Germ ut and Erick Johnson of Colegrove were pleasant callers at this office on Tuesday last. Mr. Anderson moved to Sheffield yesterday.

W. O. Marvin of Kane was a pleasant caller at the MINER office on Wednesday. He is judge of election of the second ward of Kane and brought in the election returns.

Rev. I. R. Taylor was called to Asbury Park, N. J. last Tuesday to preach the funeral sermon of an old friend. There will be no preaching at the Baptist church Sunday.

Walter C. Henry returned to his home in Bradford last Tuesday. Mr. Henry has been a guest at the Central for a long time and will be greatly missed by our young society people.

Rev. J. W. Sanborn started for Clifton Springs Tuesday to meet his wife and children who have been visiting there for the past two weeks. They returned Wednesday evening.

County Superintendent and Mrs. J. F. Myers and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Eastman of Smethport attended the banquet given by the Shakespeare Club at this place Friday evening.—Fire Eagle.

Growth of the Tourist System.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company through its personally conducted tourist system and the unexcelled standard of high service has won an enviable record for itself. These tours have grown to be thoroughly appreciated in this age of luxurious travel and the series announced for the season of '96 and '97 admirably illustrates the progress of the times.

First comes a series to the Golden Gate starting from New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg January 27, February 24 and March 27. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman compartment, drawing-room sleeping, dining, smoking and observation cars under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Next in importance comes a series of four to Florida—January 20 February 9 and 23 and March 9. The first three admit of two weeks in the sunny south, while the fourth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 31.

A series of short tours to Washington from New York, Philadelphia and adjacent points will be run on December 29, 1896, January 21 February 11 March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 26 1896, January 28, February 20, March 18 and April 13, 1897.

Handsome illustrated itineraries will be issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, containing full information as to how these tours may be pleasantly and profitably made. These itineraries may be procured on personal application or by addressing Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J. or room 411, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANNIN CREEK

Our political speakers can now take a vacation.

F. P. Dalrymple of Port Allegany was in this place Sunday.

Miss Ines Smith was home from Bells Run Sunday.

Henry Kinney has returned from Stone Dam where he has been at work for several weeks.

Mrs. Timmy Baron of Turtle is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith at this writing.

A. T. Stewart was down from Portage Creek the forepart of the week.

Mrs. H. N. Harder is spending a few days with friends on Sartwell creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Boon of Myrtle were in this place Sunday.

George Crandall and wife of Duke Centre were calling on friends in this place Sunday.

F. B. Buckley wife and daughter Lena, went to Port Allegany Monday.

Jay Horton and wife returned to Allegany N. Y. Sunday after a short visit in this place. Mrs. Horton's mother went home with them to stay through the winter.

MT. ALTON

J. H. McGraw's wheel barrow and Geo. Beaumont's buggy wheels were on top of the telegraph poles the morning after Hallowe'en.

Rev. M. Scotland a colored divine, preached Monday and Friday nights at the Lafayette Corners school house. Wednesday evening he preaches in the M. E. church.

Rev. J. H. Crocker received a message from Ceres that his mother was very ill. He left at once for that place.

Miss Kate English left Monday morning for her home in Wellsboro.

Frank Murry has more luck than most men. He lost his pocket book in Mt. Alton and S. S. Washburn found it. Usually when one loses a pocket book it goes for good.

TURTLE POINT

There was a discussion of the money question at the hall in Turtle Point last Saturday evening. Mr. Connely of Bradford presented the silver side and Mr. R. B. Stone presented the gold side. The remark was made that Mr. Connely had come loaded for bear and the Republicans were asked to produce the bear. Mr. Stone spoke one hour and then gave Mr. Connely a chance to unload at the bear. After blazing away for an hour and a half I suppose he thought that the bear had received a death wound and he sat down. Mr. Stone again took the floor and in less than fifteen minutes Mr. Connely must have discovered that he had unfortunately left the cartridge at home with which he intended to slaughter the animal.—Hureah for McKinley.

How to Ward off an Attack of Croup

In speaking of this much dreaded disease, Mr. C. M. Dixon, of Pleasant Ridge, Pa., said, "I have a little girl who is subject frequently during the winter months with croupy affections. When ever the first symptoms occur my wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result is always prompt and satisfactory. This remedy is used by thousands of mothers throughout the United States, also in many foreign countries and always with perfect success. It only necessary to give it freely when the child becomes hoarse or as soon as the croupy cough appears and all symptoms of croup will disappear. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Do You Want to be a Martyr?

Probably not. But if you do try and get the dyspepsia by unwise feeding. Then you'll suffer for martyrdom with a vengeance. Some people are martyrs to this complaint from childhood to the grave suffering from all its attendant horrors of headache, waterbrash and pain in the stomach, weary slumber and nightmare capricious appetite nausea, biliousness, heartburn and sleeplessness. A specific for all this. The complaint obtains as it is when the ordinary remedies are brought to bear upon it invariably yield to the great stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which restores tranquility to the gastric region and nerves, regulates the liver and bowels both of which are disturbed by weakness of the stomach and promotes appetite and an increase of flesh. That "tonic of the soul" the thirst for food, will present itself at this. The complaint obtains as it is when the ordinary remedies are brought to bear upon it invariably yield to the great stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which restores tranquility to the gastric region and nerves, regulates the liver and bowels both of which are disturbed by weakness of the stomach and promotes appetite and an increase of flesh. That "tonic of the soul" the thirst for food, will present itself at this. When it comes up in the car suggests no pleasant one of five quains after a comfortable meal. If you be afflicted in course of the Bitters which also banishes biliousness, rheumatism, nervousness malaria and kidney trouble.

A SUNLIGHT EFFECT

The clear morning sunlight brings with it gladness and renewed energy, and

Sunlight Soap

drives into the background, like a dark shadow, that old bugbear "wash day," and does its work quickly, easily, perfectly. Use Sunlight Soap, and you will realize that "Sunlight" has come into your life.

It Makes Home Brighter.

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

Reilly & Eilingsfeld,

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Millinry and Fancy Goods,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

You are cordially invited to call and inspect stock and get prices.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling

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Have you tried our latest

WOODSWORTH'S BLUE LILIES,

ALSO

LIGHTNER'S RED CROSS,
FRENCH'S SWEET CHIMES,
BALDWIN'S QUEEN ROSE.

These are our specials. We also have a complete stock of regular odors made by the best manufacturers such as White Rose, Jockey Club, Violet Crab Apple Blossom, Carnation Pink etc.

You should examine these odors if you are a lover of first class perfumes.

H. C. Wells.
Smethport, Pa.

Mansfield State Normal School

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W. H. ALBRO, Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

HOUSEWORTH'S

A rare opportunity to have your eyes examined free, by HOUSEWORTH the eminent the specialist from Philadelphia who will arrive in SMETHPORT on

Tueday, Nov. 17th,

At the store of

M. L. ARMSTRONG

Many lives of usefulness have been cut short by neglect to be up an ordinary cold. Pneumonia, bronchitis and even consumption can be averted by the prompt use of One Minute Cough Cure. A. W. Colegrove Smethport, A. E. Stickles, East Smethport.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is an antiseptic, soothing and healing application for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, etc., and cures piles like magic. It instantly stops pain. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickl s, East Smethport.

A hacking cough is not only annoying to others, but is dangerous to the person who has it. One Minute Cough Cure will quickly put an end to it. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickl s, East Smethport.

Speed and safety are the watch words of the age. One Minute Cough Cure acts speedily safely and never fails. Asthma, bronchitis, coughs and colds are cured by it. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Stickles, East Smethport.

Cold weather is coming and you need good robes and blankets. Lemmler has just what you want. Prices way down.

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MANUFACTURER OF

CIGARS

AND DEALER IN

CHEWING AND SMOKING

Tobacco, Pipes, Etc.

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NEW GOODS!
NEW GOODS!

Why vote Free Silver when you can cut your Dollars in two by buying at

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Grand Central Block. W. H. OLMSTED, Prop.

Smethport, Pa.

There's A Big Difference

between cheap shoes and shoes cheap. The former is false economy—the latter true. Don't forget there's as much evil in paying too little as paying too much. The motto of some stores is, "not how cheap, but how good." The motto of some others is, "not how good, but how cheap." Our motto is "Good and Cheap." We are closing out our Tan Shoes at a big reduction and if you want a pair at a low price come along pretty quick.

Ford's ✦ Red ✦ Front

160 Union Street,

OLEAN, - - - - N. Y.

Just Received

A large and complete line of

Ladies' Cloaks and Capes!

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J. COLEGROVE'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling

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Do you know that

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Have the finest and most complete stock of all kinds of

Building Materials

To be found in McKean County.

Two Grades of HEMLOCK, PINE AND RED CEDAR SHINGLES.

Our Washington Red Cedar are without doubt the best lasting Shingles ever sold anywhere.

We have everything you can possibly want to build with in stock, in all grades. Come and see us. We are always glad to show our goods.

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SPRING SUITINGS

AND

FASHION PLATES

Are now ready for your inspection. Come in and make your selections.

H. W. RUBIN & CO

Tabulated Vote of McKean County, Tuesday, November 3, 1896.

DISTRICTS	President McKinley R	President Bryan D	President Levering Pro	President Bryan Pop	Representative at Large in Congress Dalzell R	Representative at Large in Congress Coverport R	Representative at Large in Congress Irwin D	Representative at Large in Congress Aikman D	Representative at Large in Congress Barker Pro	Representative at Large in Congress Aikens Pro	Representative in Congress Connell Pro	Representative in Congress Dale Pro	Representative in Congress Walker Pro	Representative in Congress Bonar R	Representative in Congress Brown D	Representative in Congress Mitchell Pro	State Senator Brown Pro	State Senator Hamlin R	State Senator Hurt D	State Senator Mitchell Pro	State Senator Park Pro	Representative in the General Assembly Connolly D	Representative in the General Assembly Humphrey R	Representative in the General Assembly Scott R	Representative in the General Assembly Cotter Pro	Representative in the General Assembly Connolly Pro	Representative in the General Assembly Cotter Pro	Sheriff Davis R.	Sheriff Rhodes D	Sheriff Martin Pro	Sheriff Wise Pro	Prothonotary Mitchell R	Prothonotary Berman D	Prothonotary Connell Pro	Prothonotary Berman Pro	Dist. Atty Gordon R	Dist. Atty Ormsby D	County Commissioners Young R	County Commissioners Davis R	County Commissioners Hendrickson D	County Commissioners Dwyer D	County Commissioners Robison Pro	County Commissioners Field Pro	County Commissioners Hungerville Pro	County Commissioners Sullivan Pro	County Auditors. Cannon R	County Auditors. Freeman R	County Auditors. Stark D	County Auditors. Cory D	County Auditors. Simpson Pro	County Auditors. Magowan Pro	County Auditors. McKnight Pro	County Auditors. Windsor Pro
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N. B.—The above table is not official but as nearly correct as is possible to ascertain.

Please Pay particular attention to these few lines—they may interest you. Pond's Extract is so universal a remedy that you know of it and its uses well, but so many crude imitations are on the market, that a warning against the use of anything but the genuine Pond's Extract is necessary. Pond's Extract is absolutely pure, antiseptic and anodyne, and may be used with safety and efficacy, externally or internally. Accept nothing but the genuine with buff wrapper and yellow label.

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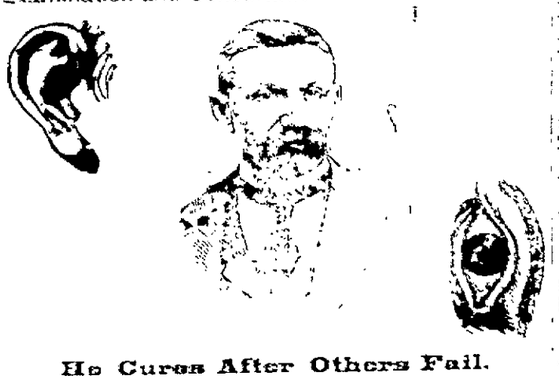

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STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

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Many cases of so called heart disease, are only cases of acid fermentation in the stomach. The irritation from the acid binds the action of the heart, through the pneumogastric nerve, and very often the excessive straining power of this peculiarly acting nerve, becomes a very serious matter, the heart makes the greatest effort to do its work, but there is a short mess of breath which cannot be made up for, and the feeling throughout the chest is very distressing. Sometimes this acid arises and causes an acrid smarting in the throat, at other times the burning is up and down the chest.

Another stomach trouble is that form of dyspepsia which gives pain after eating. Persons with this disease seem to have but a small amount of nerve strength to digest food, and the digested meal on a large fulness and pressure of the stomach and heart. Every effort of reading or writing is attended with more or less pain in the stomach, sometimes severe.

Nothing relieves dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, and all stomach troubles, when, the stomach is the real seat of the trouble, so promptly and surely as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It tones the stomach, cures indigestion and dyspepsia, and makes the assimilation of food perfect. It is the best blood purifier, and the best medicine to build up flesh and strength when reduced by overwork or disease. It is the only medicine sold by druggists, the makers of which offer to refund the money paid for it, if it fails to give satisfaction in all cases for which it is recommended. Nothing could be fairer than this. You only pay for the good you get. You run no risk whatever. Sold by druggists.

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SLEIGHS.

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Best Bicycles

Sunol, Hercules, Steel

Wanted An Idea

THE CHEERFUL MAN.

Things That Lighten Life For Hunters In the Woods on Dreary Days.

There is a kind of man who never lacks cheering companions. He may be rich or poor, big or little. He may be so weak as to be hardly able to carry his rifle and to be able to bring a stick of wood for the campfire. He is wanted, nevertheless. The campers call him the genial man, the one who never sulks, but always smiles. He is cheerful when the clouds weep and the campers are dismal. He laughs when he misses easy shots. He grins when the smoke gets into his eyes and says that the mule and stick in the camp bed are good, because they give the sleeper plenty of room.

The cheerful man is especially well liked in a camp where the hunters have had a bad run of luck. If a week or two and the woods have been so dry that the leaves crackle underfoot be up to mischief, then the cheerful man, as he is sure to be, laughs at it and says that any way it's a good thing for the game.

When the winters are gloomy and [illegible] cheerful man, with his unfailing [illegible] and gathers a big [illegible] of them, if he can't, he [illegible] necessity to do it, and wants [illegible] to start [illegible] entirely up to the story [illegible] point, which point indicates [illegible]

Even small boys are welcome in a [illegible] camp when the [illegible] and [illegible] throughout [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]